

THE Knights of Labor in session at Richmond, Va., are considerably stirred up over the negro question, which threatens to cause a split in the ranks of the organization. This is absolutely too sad entirely.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

principal witness against her. She, Elkins, Carter and Mrs. Davis are under arrest and threats of lynching are made. Davis is now serving a life sentence in the penitentiary.

Lancaster.

of the authorities to allow betting on the ground

four in the House. It is stated that there not be more than fifteen anti prohibi-
 tists in the entire Legislature.

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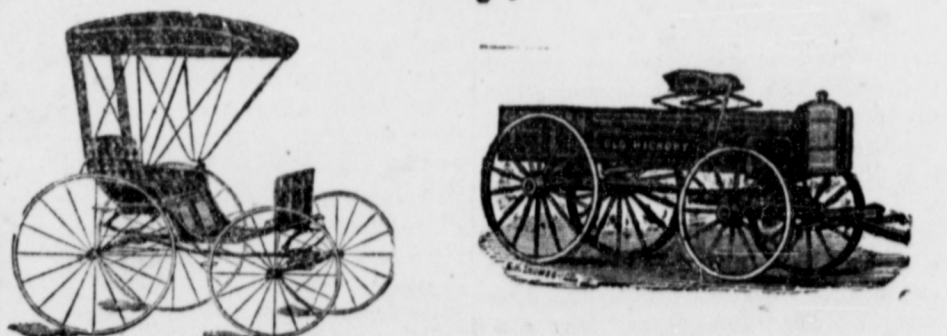
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THE JUDGE'S WOOING.

Monsieur Zachariah Seller, and old judge of the tribunal of Stants and member of the grand council of Lucerne, after having slept for twenty-five or thirty years through the clamors of the advocates on his circuit, had obtained the favor of withdrawing from his snug villa, situated on the Kumsacht street, near the German gate. There he was enjoying himself under the supervision of his old housekeeper, Therese, a devoted person with a crooked nose and a chin garished with a thin, gray beard.

These two, full of indulgence for one another, respected the reciprocal mania. Therese looked after the household admirably, ironed the linen, and took care to renew monsieur's stock of tobacco, shut up in a large stone jar, after which she was at liberty to attend to her birds, read her prayer book and go to mass.

Monsieur Zachariah was approaching his 60th year, wore a wig, and had no other distraction than to cultivate a few flowers and read the morning paper. This was his epoch for a time, but there came a morning when the world seemed a blank. He said to himself that he needed something more exciting than to watch flower pots in a window and beg himself in the mazes of stupid politics. He was very thoughtful for some days, but one evening, after supper, a bright idea came into his head. "I have it, I will go fishing," he cried, clapping his hands so loud that Therese called out from the next room. "What is the matter, monsieur? One might think you had a fit."

The idea thus suddenly born proved to be a stubborn one, and the morning on which Monsieur Seller first set out, provided with a pole, a big straw hat, a fishing bag, and other accessories, was a veritable affair of state. Therese was greatly displeased at this new turn in affairs. She muttered to herself and had moments of impatience, and was obliged to go to confession twice oftener during a month than had been her custom. But, for all that, she was forced to conform to the new order of things.

For example, whenever monsieur was seized with a desire to go fishing, the excellent man, who deplored to himself his feebleness, would look up at the sky, and say with a melancholy shake of the head: "It is very fine this morning, Therese. What weather! Not a drop of rain for three weeks!"

Therese would allow him to languish for a few moments, then, laying aside her knitting and her prayer book, she would go to find the fishing bag, the waistcoat, and the big hat of her master. Then the old judge would become animated; he would rise up briskly and say:

"This is an excellent idea of yours, Therese. Yes, I will go fishing."

"Very well, monsieur, but be sure to return at 7 o'clock. The evening is cool now."

One day in the month of July, 1845, toward 9 o'clock in the afternoon, Zachariah found his fishing bag so full of salmon trout that he did not wish to take any more, because, as he said to himself, it was necessary to leave some for the next day. After having washed his fish in a neighboring spring, and wrapped them carefully in sorrel to keep them fresh, he felt so sleepy that he thought he would take a nap in the heather, and wait until the shadows were longer to mount the side of Bigelberg.

Then, having broken his crust of bread and moistened his lips with his little bottle, he clambered fifteen or twenty steps below the footpath, and lay down in the shade of the fir trees upon the moss, his eyelids growing heavy.

Never had the old judge been so sleepy. The oppressive heat of the sun, drifting his long arrows of gold into the shadow of the wood, the murmur of insects upon the side of the hill, in the meadows and on the water, the distant cooing of ring doves squatted under the somber shade of the beech trees, formed such a grand harmony that the soul of Zachariah melted away in the universal concert. He yawned, opened his eyes, and saw a troop of jaybirds traversing the foliage; then turning he thought he saw the cork on his line whirl and descend; a salmon was caught; he was pulling it out, the pole bent in a semi-circle. The good man was sleeping profoundly. He dreamed, and the vast orchestra pursued about him its eternal music as the time passed on.

A thousand animated beings had lived their life of an hour when monsieur, the judge, awoke at the whistle of some bird he was not acquainted with. He sat up to see, and conceived his surprise. The strange bird was a young girl of 17 or 18 years old, with ruddy cheeks and red lips, her brown hair floating in long tresses, a little turned up nose, a short petticoat of the color of corn poppies—a young peasant girl who was descending from above by the sandy footpath of Bigelberg, a basket poised on her head, and her arms, sunburned, but round and plump, resting on her hips. At sight of her Zachariah was deeply moved. He blushed, and rising said: "Good day, my beautiful child!"

The young girl stopped, opened her eyes wide and recognized him, for who in all the country did not know the worthy judge?

"Hi!" said she, with a smile; "this is Monsieur Zachariah Seller!"

The old man ascended into the path. He wanted to speak, but he only stammered some unintelligible words, like a young man, so that the young girl appeared much embarrassed. Finally he made out to say:

"Where are you going through the wood at this hour, my child?"

She pointed out to him, in the distance, at the bottom of the valley, the house of a forester.

"I am returning to my father, Yeri Forster, whom you know without doubt, Monsieur Judge."

"So you are the daughter of the worthy Yeri? You are the little Charlotte of whom he often speaks when he brings me his reports?"

"Yes, Monsieur Judge."

"Very well, I will accompany you home. I should like to see the worthy Forster again. He must be getting a little old!"

"He is about your age, Monsieur Judge," said Charlotte, simply; "about 60 years old."

This artless response brought the good man to his senses, and as he went along he became very pensive. What were his thoughts? No one knows, but how many times it has happened that a good and worthy man, who imagines himself to have discharged all his duties, has finished by discovering that he had neglected the greatest, the holiest, the most beautiful of all, that of marrying in his youth a good and noble woman, and remaining true and loving to her ever after. And what it cost him to think it was now too late!

Soon Zachariah and Charlotte reached the turn in the valley where the path passed over a little bridge, and led direct to the forester's house. That worthy man was seated on the stone bench by his door, with a sprig of broom corn in his hat and two hunting dogs stretched at his feet, and recognizing with his piercing eyes the judge and his daughter in the distance, he came to meet them, raising his hat in salutation.

"Good day, Monsieur Judge," said he, with the frank and cordial air of the mountaineer, "what happy circumstances procures me the honor of such a visit?"

"Master Yeri," replied the good man, "I have tarried in the mountains until it is too late to go home. Have you a little corner

vacant at your table, and a bed at the disposition of a friend?"

"Hey!" cried the forester, "if there was but one bed in the house, should it not be for the best, the most honored of our ancient magistrates of Stants? Ah, Monsieur Seller, what an honor you do to the humble dwelling of Yeri Forster!"

And mounting the six steps before the door he cried out: "Christina, Christina, run to the cellar, Judge Zachariah Seller has come to repose under our roof."

At this a very little old woman, with a figure as stiff as a ramrod, but still fresh and smiling, appeared upon the threshold, and disappeared immediately, murmuring:

"Oh, God! Is it possible! Monsieur the judge!"

"Ah, my good people," said Zachariah, "in truth you receive me too kindly."

"Monsieur," replied the forester, "if you forget the good you have done others do not."

Well, if the truth must be told, Judge Zachariah passed the evening with Yeri Forster and his family, forgetting all the qualms of Therese, his promise to be at home by 7 o'clock and his old habits of order and submission.

Imagine to yourself that humble sitting room, with its ceilings streaked with brown girders, the round table in the midst with its dish of trout and plates of fruit and honey, yellow as gold, and worthy Papa Zachariah presenting each in turn to Charlotte, who dropped her eyes, astonished at the compliments and tender words of the old man.

"An, Monsieur Judge, you are too good," said Christina. "You do not know how much vexation this little one gives us. You will spoil her with so many fine words."

"Dame Christina," replied Zachariah, "you possess a treasure. Mile. Charlotte merits all I have said of her."

Then Yeri, raising his glass, cried: "To the health of our good and venerable Judge Zachariah," and all drank to the toast of the judge.

"Ah!" thought the judge, "what happiness it would be to live here with Charlotte for a companion, at four steps from the river, where one could throw in a line from time to time and follow the chase with Father-in-law Yeri Forster, raising the echoes round about. Ah! what an existence!"

When the clock struck 11 he rose. How young and fresh he felt! With what ardor he would have placed a kiss on Charlotte's little hand, only he must not yet. He must wait.

"It is time for sleep, Master Yeri," said he. "Good night and many thanks for your hospitality."

And to see him mount the high steps of the stairs one would have said he was but 20 years old. But those twenty years lasted only a quarter of an hour, and once in bed, with the covers drawn up to his chin, and a handkerchief knotted around his head, he said to himself:

"Sleep, Zachariah; you are very tired. You have great need of sleep."

At 9 o'clock the next morning he awoke, considerably chagrined at having slept so late after having boasted the evening before of his early rising, and coming down the steep stair he found only Dame Christina awaiting him, the forester having gone about his business in the wood and Charlotte to have breakfast. So, after a hasty breakfast, and thanking Christina again for her kindness, he took the way back to the city, a good deal disturbed as to how Therese would receive him, but still cherishing the thousand illusions which had hatched in his soul like a late brood of linnets.

I will not try to paint the reception which the worthy housekeeper gave him; her reproaches, her rage even. She had not shut her eyes the whole night; she had imagined him drowned in the river; she had sent ten people to look for him, etc.

Monsieur Seller heard these complaints with the same calmness with which he had formerly listened to the metaphors of an advocate pleading a lost cause—he heard, but said nothing.

By the beginning of autumn he had fallen into such a habit of being at the forester's house that one would have found him oftener there than at home, and Yeri found himself much embarrassed to refuse the presents which the worthy magistrate begged him to accept in return for his daily hospitality. He would shake his head sometimes and say to his wife:

"I never knew a better judge, a more learned and respectable man than Monsieur Seller, but I believe he is out of his mind. Only the other day he wanted to help me build the hut for the titmouse, and then he must also help Charlotte turn the hay, while all the peasants laugh at him. This is not proper, Christina, but I do not dare to speak to him, he is so much above us."

"Let him alone," answered Christina. "With a little milk and honey this good Zachariah is content. He likes to be with us, it is so simple here, and then he likes to talk to our little daughter. Who knows but that he may adopt her, and when he dies she would be remembered in his will."

The forester shrugged his shoulders. His natural sense made him divine some mystery, the folly of the old judge. One fine morning he saw descending the mountain a vagabond laden with three barrels of Rikewine. This was of all the presents he had received the most acceptable to Yeri Forster, for of all things he liked a glass of good wine. And when he had tasted the wine he could not help crying out:

"This good Zachariah is the best man in the world. Go, Charlotte, and make for him a basket of the finest roses and jasmines in the garden, and when he comes give it to him yourself. God, what wine! What fire!"

Zachariah followed close upon the heels of his present, and felt himself more repaid by the flowers which Charlotte hastened to give him, while the forester said cordially:

"You must take supper with us and taste your wine, Monsieur Seller. My wife is right to call you our benefactor."

Zachariah, seated at the table in the open air, his fishing pole against the wall, Charlotte opposite him and the forester on the right, began to talk of his prospects for the future. He had a pretty fortune, well managed, and he wanted to buy 200 acres of woodland on the edge of the valley and build a forester's house on the hillside. "We shall always be together," said he to Yeri, "you with me as much as I with you."

Mother Christina came in at her turn and devised this thing and that. Charlotte, who loved content and Zachariah imagined himself understood by these worthy people. And he went to his chamber that night full of the most blissful illusions, putting off till the next day his great declaration, doubting nothing as to the result. He held Charlotte's bouquet in his hand, and when he was alone he felt to kissing it with effusion, weeping like a child, and murmuring:

"Zachariah, Zachariah, you are going to be the happiest of men, and may it please God, you will renew your youth in the little Zachariah, or a little Charlotte who shall dance upon your knees and caress you with her rosy little hands." At this the good man seated himself, drunk with hope, his elbow on the window sill, his eyes wide open, and hearing as in a dream the frogs croaking under the moon in the silent valley. He had sat thus for an hour, when something like a volley of pebbles, or of dry peas, rattled against the window glass and aroused him with a start.

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"What is that?" demanded he in a low tone, raising the window a little.

"Charlotte, Charlotte, it is I," replied a tender voice.

Zachariah trembled, and as he listened with staring eyes, the foliage stirred, and a young man stepped out into the moonlight. The old man raised himself indignantly, and threw the window wide open.

"Have no fear, Charlotte," said the new comer, "I come to tell you good news. My father will be here to-morrow to arrange with Yeri Forster about our wedding." Receiving no response he asked after a minute:

"Where are you, Charlotte?"

"I am here," said the old man, turning very pale and looking fixedly at his rival. And as the judge began to speak with a raised voice, the youth said in a loud whisper: "In the name of heaven do not cry out. I am not a thief. I am Charlotte's betrothed."

"Yeri Forster never told me anything of this, the wretch!" gasped Zachariah.

"No, he does not know yet that we are betrothed. He said when I asked his consent that his daughter was too young; that I must wait. But we have engaged ourselves, anyhow. I have told my father, and he is coming to-morrow to see Yeri, and as I knew it would please Charlotte to hear this, I thought I would stop under her window and tell her the news."

The young man fell upon a chair as into an abyss of grief, and covered his face with his hands. How did he suffer! What agonies traversed his soul! What an awakening from such sweet hopes!

At the end of a few moments Zachariah raised his head and asked:

"How do you call yourself?"

"Karl Imant, monsieur."

"What are your circumstances?"

"My father never told me for me his place as forest guard of Grindelwald."

"Charlotte loves you very much, does she not?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur, we love each other very much."

"Young man," said the judge in a broken voice, "you do not know the evil you have done. But go now, go. You shall have news from me."

The young mountaineer did not wait a second invitation; with one bound he disappeared behind the great trees.

"Poor, poor Zachariah," murmured the old judge. "Behold thy illusions flown!" And he went to bed sobbing, and covered his head with the bed covers so as not to be heard.

Toward 7 o'clock the next morning, having regained a little calm, he descended to the sitting room and found Yeri, his wife and daughter waiting breakfast for him.

"Ah!" said he, "I have a favor to ask you. You know the son of the forester of Grindelwald, do you not?"

"Karl Imant! Yes, monsieur."

"He is a fine youth, and I believe, of good conduct."

"I believe it also, Monsieur Seller."

"Is he properly qualified to succeed his father?"

"Yes; he is 20 years old, he understands the management of snares and nets, and he can read and write. But he must also have patronage."

"Very well. I have influence in the administration of waters and forests, and in fifteen days Karl Imant shall be forester at Grindelwald. Furthermore, I demand of you the hand of Charlotte for this handsome and worthy young man."

At this conclusion Charlotte, who at first had become very red, and who trembled like a leaf, fell with a cry into her mother's arms. The old forester turned and looked at her with a severe eye.

"What is this, Charlotte? Do you refuse?"

"Oh, no, no, father!"

"So much the better, for I have nothing to refuse to Monsieur Judge Zachariah. Come here and thank your benefactor."

Charlotte ran to the old man, who kissed her with his eyes full of tears. Then, alleging the petition of Karl Imant which he was in a hurry to make, he set out for the city, taking only a crust of bread in his bag for breakfast.

Five days afterward Karl Imant received the brevet of forester at Grindelwald. Monsieur Seller could not be at the wedding; he was indisposed that day, greatly to the regret of the worthy forester and his family. Since then the judge rarely goes fishing, and when he does it is at Brunnen, on the other side of the mountain.—Mrs. L. A. McGahey, in Chicago Herald, from Erkmann-Chartrein.

He Had Studied the Manual.

A young man in this city, who had been prominent in lyceums and semi-secret societies, and whose strongest point his friends thought was the very natural and easy way in which he grasped parliamentary usage, recently began studying for the ministry, and progressed so far that he was invited to take charge on a certain Sunday of the services in a suburban church where the minister had gone on his vacation. "He'll be a shining light without a doubt," said his friends. But somehow, when the young man came to get up in church to open the services he felt himself all at sea and didn't know what in the world to do. So he provided for all possible contingencies by inviting one of the deacons to sit up in the pulpit with him where he could be on hand to prompt him if any knotty question arose.

After the young student had pronounced the invocation and the choir had got up of its own motion and sang a voluntary and a chapter of the Bible had been read, the young man turned a little uneasily to the deacon. "Hymn 429," whispered the deacon. The young man rose again with great confidence and sang the hymn. "It is moved and seconded that hymn No. 429 be now sung. As many as are in favor of the motion will signify it by saying 'aye.' An awe-struck silence fell upon the congregation. "Contrary minded, ye," said the "presiding officer." "It is aye," he went on. The hymn was sung, and the services proceeded from that point like clockwork. It was evident that the young parliamentarian felt the ground firm under his feet.—Boston Record.

Everything Fair in War.

Jonas —, of Washington, Ind., toward the close of the late war, was body servant to a quartermaster, and after the close, and when the quartermaster had been mustered out, as Jonas tells the story, he requested Smith, as a last service before parting, to take a large box on a day to the freight depot and ship it, asking Smith at the same time "if he could read and write."

Jonas answered that he could not, started off with the box, and on the way to the station removed the shipping tag which bore the name of the quartermaster and that of the place the box was to be shipped to, and substituted his own name and address, and by that means obtained a box of new army blankets the quartermaster intended to capture or steal from Uncle Sam.

Jonas, who is fairly educated, said in extenuation of this commercial transaction: "Mr. Quartermaster 'captured' the blankets from the government, and I captured them from him. Everything is fair in war."—Detroit Free Press.

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